Swim Into My Ocean, Ride That Wave Tonight by BeautyInChains

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"You're so wet. Everywhere, you're wet."
Hopper sucks in a breath, fingers tightening at the nape of Steve's neck.
"Worked up a sweat," Hopper agrees with a rumble.

Swim Into My Ocean, Ride That Wave Tonight

Author's Note:

> Oh boy. Okay. This has been a WIP for what feels like a million years. It's filthy and raunchy and self-indulgent and I am not remotely sorry about it. Hopefully I'm not the only one who needs sweaty, salty boys all over one another.
>
> Title has been borrowed from the song Holy Water by Tanners. Which is totally my jam atm.
>
> As always: unbeta'd, kudos/comments/con-crit welcome.

Billy's grinning like the devil as he dodges both Steve and Hopper, successfully performing his umpteenth layup of the night. He whoops as the ball swishes through the net. Steve's smiling despite himself, hands on his hips. Hopper's squinting through the sweat running down his face, bent over with his hands braced against his knees.

"Slippery fuckin' bastard," he grumbles. Billy laughs, delighted as he runs a victory lap around the court. Steve shakes his head, running a hand down Hopper's thick back, his grey t-shirt soaked beneath Steve's fingers.

"You good, Hop?"

Hopper sniffs and straightens, still panting as he replies, "Yeah, baby. I'm good."

Steve pinks a bit at the endearment. He's still getting used to hearing it in public. Not that there's anyone around to hear them. His fingertips catch on the waistband of Hopper's shorts and *God*, he's wet everywhere. He's struck with the urge to slip his fingers underneath, catch each and every little bead of sweat and suck it into his mouth. Billy bounds up, thwacking Steve on the back and out of his reverie. He kicks playfully at Hopper's foot, "Still kickin', old man? Didn't run you too ragged, did I?"

Hopper wraps his arms around Billy's waist, tugging him in and against his body, clipping Billy's ear with his teeth, "Solid effort, sweetheart, but you'll have to try harder than that."

Billy's laughter dissolves into a moan as he pushes his hips back into Hopper's. Steve's heart thumps hard against his chest, from exertion and desire. Billy catches Steve's eye, gripping Hopper's forearms to still him. "Steve? What's wrong?"

Steve's throat feels dry. He lets Billy and Hopper pull him in close, his face pressed into Hopper's sweaty chest; Billy's slick, golden body plastered against Steve's side. He snuffles into the damp fabric, heavy masculine musk overwhelming his senses, making him dizzy. He whines and feels Billy's huff of laughter against his neck.

"Mmm," Billy groans, "Fuck. You feel that, Daddy?"

Hopper growls and Steve almost jumps as a big hand cups him between his legs, the thick, throbbing length of his cock trapped beneath his thin basketball shorts. "Yeah, I feel it. What's got you so worked up, sweetheart?"

"Never this hard up after practice," Billy adds.

Steve shakes his head, nips at one of Hopper's meaty pecs with a moan, "God. You smell so fucking good."

Hopper chuckles, dark and low, cupping the back of Steve's head with his other hand, holding him in place, "Oh yeah? You like that?"

"Yeah, I like it."

"Jesus Christ, Harrington. Never ceases to amaze me what a dirty slut you are."

Steve whines again, pushing his hips into Hopper's hand, nips again at Hopper's chest, "You're so wet. Everywhere, you're wet."

Hopper sucks in a breath, fingers tightening at the nape of Steve's neck. "Worked up a sweat," Hopper agrees with a rumble. Steve's fingers tangle in the collar of Hopper's shirt and pull hard. He leans in, runs his tongue up the hollow of Hopper's throat, collecting

Hopper's sweat on his tongue with a desperate little hitching noise. And then Steve is fucking gone for it, pushing and pulling at Hopper's clothes, trying to get to his skin. Hopper sways on his feet against the assault.

"Hey, hey," Billy murmurs softly, running a soothing hand down Steve's spine, "Not here, baby. Can't do it here. We're gonna take you home. Right, Daddy?"

"That's right, sweetheart," Hopper says, trailing off into a hiss as he tries to pry Steve off of him only to find his shirt caught between Steve's teeth. Steve is a goddamn wreck, his pupils blown, fingers scrabbling at any part of them he can reach. He doesn't get like this very often. *Frantic*. But it's clear right now that he is losing control. Hopper needs to get him home before he sinks to his knees in the middle of the court.

Billy's tugs himself free from their embrace, runs a quick lap, picking up their belongings as he goes. He's starting to look a bit frantic himself, as he pulls out his keys and jingles them in front of Steve's face, "I'm driving."

And drive he does. If Hopper weren't so preoccupied with Steve rubbing himself all over him in the back seat, Billy might have been in danger of receiving a speeding ticket. He struggles to keep his eyes on the stretch of road ahead as Steve climbs into Hopper's lap, rutting himself against Hopper's belly, fingers tangling into Hopper's damp hair. He's sucking at the slick column of Hopper's neck hard to enough to leave bruises, but Hopper can't bring himself to care. Throws his head back with a moan, gripping Steve's hips tight just to keep him seated.

Hopper has half a mind to throw Steve over his shoulder, haul him inside bodily when they arrive, anything to get them there faster. Billy's breathing hard, hands shaking as he fumbles the key into the lock, letting them into Hopper's place. Steve's trembling behind him, hands slipping beneath the hem of Hopper's t-shirt and up his back, nose pressed between Hopper's shoulder blades. Hopper's sweat is beginning to cool and he shivers.

Hopper lets himself be shoved back against the couch as the door

swings shut behind them.

"Off," Steve growls, dragging his nails down Hopper's chest. Steve rips the sodden shirt from Hopper's fingers the moment he's rid himself of it. He straddles Hopper's hips, grinding into him as he buries his face in Hopper's t-shirt, inhaling deeply. Hopper slips his hands around Steve's waist to keep him from tumbling backward, but then Billy is there, behind Steve, raking blunt nails through his hair.

Steve nuzzles the shirt before throwing it over his shoulder and ducking down, running his tongue down Hopper's sternum, unbothered by the tickle of chest hair. With Billy keeping Steve upright, Hopper allows Steve to manhandle him at will. He tugs one of Hopper's arms up and over his head, glistening muscles shifting and flexing deliciously. Steve licks his lips before nosing into Hopper's armpit. Hopper growls as Steve laps at the sweat there, whining as he does, cock straining against Hopper's belly.

"Jesus Christ," Billy swears, hand dropping between his own legs, stroking over his cock where it's pushing obscenely at the fabric of his shorts.

"Wanna taste you everywhere," Steve mumbles into Hopper's skin.

"Fuck, sweetheart."

Steve stumbles up off of Hopper's lap and back into Billy's arms. Billy hisses as his cock brushes against Steve's ass, as Steve moans and squirms against him like he can't help himself. "Turn over," Steve says roughly. Billy's head drops down between his shoulder blades as he growls at the thought. Hopper's brows draw up and furrow, his mouth twitching, opening to ask, to clarify, to discourage - he doesn't know, but he stops when Steve shakes his head. "You know what I want. Turn over."

Billy meets Hopper's eye hotly over Steve's shoulder as he rolls his hips, nods, "Fuck, Daddy. Do it."

Hopper rises slowly, cheeks pink, body glistening from both previous and current exertions. When he turns Steve slips two long fingers into the moist waistband of his shorts and tugs. "Take them off," Steve

says evenly, almost trance-like Hopper shivers and complies, hooking his thumbs into the front of the offending garment and dragging them down over his hips. A bead of sweat rolls down his spine and disappears between his cheeks. Hopper can hear Steve gasp, feel his boys sway and rock into him.

"Shhh," Billy coos as Steve whimpers.

Hopper kicks at the shorts pooled around his ankles and moves to kneel on the couch, fingers gripping the back for support. It's uncomfortable, this position. It's hard on Hopper's knees, on his back and his thighs. But he's spread. Open wide. Accessible. He'll give Steve whatever he wants and they all know it. "Like this?" Hopper asks, and he sounds fucking wrecked, even to his own ears. Wrecked like the time Hopper was a little under the weather and let Billy take his throat for a ride.

Billy releases Steve's hips with a squeeze, steps back as Steve sinks to his knees, cock swaying as he goes. Billy can see the pre glistening at the tip, running down Steve's length. He's so hard up for it and Billy's loving every second. Billy chews on his bottom lip as he eases himself back into Hopper's chair, more than ready to enjoy the show.

Steve swallows hard, big hands coming up and cupping Hopper's thick ass. Steve moans as he massages and squeezes, leans in to nuzzle at the sweaty flesh. Hopper huffs out a surprised laugh as Steve's thumbs pry him open, pulling gently at his hole. "*Hah*, fuck. Do you know even know how fucking filthy you are?"

"You love it," Steve murmurs, warm breath ghosting across Hopper's sensitive flesh. He can feel his hole twitch, moans. Steve starts behind Hopper's balls, pink tongue peeking out to taste and tease. He slides up Hopper's perineum slowly before laving over Hopper's hole. Billy whines, curls a hand around his cock, fists it lightly. "Tell me you love it," Steve says, flicking his tongue.

"I love it, baby. Love what a hungry little slut you are," Hopper growls, pushing back against Steve's tongue. His sweat has cooled now and he shivers, Steve's tongue feeling that much hotter. Steve laps at Hopper's hole in even, languid strokes. Hopper's cock is hanging heavy between his legs, but he keeps his hands on the back

of the couch. He gasps as Steve eases his tongue inside, past the tight right of muscle, fucks in and out, in and out until a fresh layer of sweat has broken out across Hopper's skin.

Billy's sucking on his bottom lip, one hand stroking over his cock, the other between his legs toying almost absently at his hole. Billy loves to watch, loves how worked up Steve can get. But seeing him like this? Devouring Hopper like he's starving for it. Eating him alive. It has Billy so keyed up that he's leaking all over himself. He watches the muscles of Hopper's back flex and ripple and shine. Listens to the sloppy, wet sounds of Steve slurping at Hopper's sweaty hole.

"Jesus," Billy swears, whimpers.

And Billy must sound as wrecked as he feels, because Steve stops and turns. Steve's big, brown Bambi eyes are blown out to black and there's drool running down his chin, the corded column of his throat glistening with it. Hopper moans, squirming impatiently and Steve thumbs at his hole to placate him. Billy sighs as Steve watches him push a finger inside himself; a sigh that turns into a cry as Steve mimics him, index finger stroking over Hopper's spit-slick hole before sinking inside. Hopper gives as good as he takes, fucking back against Steve's hand, thighs trembling.

"I wanna fuck you," Steve spits out with a whine.

"Yeah, yeah, fuck," Hopper groans before shoving his hand down the back of the couch. It takes him a moment of rifling around, but he emerges successful. A tacky old bottle of lube covered in bits of lint and stray crumbs. It's absolutely disgusting, and Hopper couldn't give a single fuck, not as Steve's fingers twist and curl and hit that spot that makes him go hot all over. Billy's really working himself over now, forearm bulging and flexing as he fucks himself on his fingers.

Steve runs him tongue up the length of Hopper's spine as he eases his fingers out. He makes quick work of wetting his fingers before shoving them back inside. Steve's cock, angry red and so wet, slips against Hopper's thigh, branding him with a glistening line of precome. Shuddering moans keep bubbling up and out of Billy's mouth as his fist flies on his cock. "C'mon, c'mon, *Steve* baby, I'm not gonna last. Put it in. Wanna watch you put it in."

"Fuck, sweetheart. Do it," Hopper growls. Steve moans as he slicks himself up, keeps his grip loose yet purposeful. At the rate they're going he'll be lucky to get three pumps in before he blows. He presses in close, noses into Hopper's damp hair, his cockhead catching against Hopper's hole. "Daddy, I'm not gonna last either," he whispers it, like it's a secret, but it's not. The muscles in his back are all bunched up tight, cheeks flushed almost blood red, fingers and thighs trembling.

"I know, baby. It's okay."

And then Steve is sinking and drowning and *coming* with his fingernails digging into Hopper's hips, the salty tang of the sweat behind his ear clinging to Steve's tongue. Hopper's growling into the meat of his own forearm, body rippling around Steve's oversensitive cock, milking him until he's spent. Billy's sweet little moans are ramping up in both volume and frequency and Steve turns his head just in time. Billy's head lolls back, baring his throat as his abdominals spasm, as his cock pulses and surges and spurts rope after rope of hot thick come that runs in milky rivulets down his chest and stomach like melted wax.

"Steve," Hopper says with surprising urgency.

Steve eases his way out with a hiss, falls to his knees prying Hopper's thick cheeks back apart. Hopper's fucked out hole flutters, Steve's come welling up and seeping out. Steve laves the flat of his tongue over the mess with a moan. Hopper growls and Steve can hear it the second Hopper takes himself in hand and starts jacking off. Billy's pulled himself together enough to crawl over beside Hopper, to stroke over his back and murmur against his ear as Steve eats him out, fucks his tongue in and out.

"Daddy," Billy coos, "Wish you could see him. Fuckin' *starving* for it. He's gonna want seconds. You gonna give 'em to him?"

"Fucking Christ," Hopper grunts, spilling over his fist and onto the couch. Steve can feel Hopper's hole flutter against his tongue when he comes and his cock aches sympathetically. "Fuck, *fuck*," he says, falling forward against the couch with a shiver, "Oh my God."

Billy laughs, loud and bright, "Yeah Harrington, what the fuck?"

Steve looks sheepish as he wipes at his mouth with the back of his hand. He shrugs from where he's curled up on the floor, cheeks alight, lips turning up despite himself. "Oh, I see how it is. *Now* he's shy," Billy snorts, kicking at Steve's shoulder with his big toe. Steve huffs out a laugh, leans into it. "Hey, Pops?"

Hopper hums, sounding about as fucked out as he looks.

"Still kickin'?"

Hopper flips him off halfheartedly.

Billy cackles.

Steve smiles.